

LITERARY NOTES.

Charles Nordhoff has written a "Guide to California," which the Harpers have in press.

Mr. Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," is writing a book which is to appear simultaneously in this country, in England, Austria and France.

A new edition of Charles Dickens's "Letters" is to be brought out in London. A few additional letters will be given, and all will be chronologically arranged.

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MAD RIVER, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

From the Atlantic for May.

TRAVELLER.
Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters over
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and fury?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest?
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.
What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
It perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.
Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long.
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like our pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice instant blunting,
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Impudent and ever ringing;
Drawn onward by this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

Men call me Mad, and well they may.
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep them wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creation,
Then see that it is fit for print;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of wailing.

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New Publications.

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